

that happened in one of the northern States not so very long ago, when the pastor of a poor church was going about on his annual collection tour of the parish. "You here again, Father? Why, didn't I give you a quarter last year!" Here, friends, is a very good occasion for all Tertiaries to give their fellow Catholics the best example of loyalty to the Church. We are not obliged under pain of sin to contribute to the Peter's Pence, but if we do so nevertheless and do so generously, what an example will this not be for our fellow Catholics and what a reward will we not store up for ourselves in heaven for this splendid testimony of our loyalty to the Pope!

These are but a few of the many instances that may be cited where we can show that we are true children of our Seraphic Father St. Francis. Whatever Holy Church tells us, let us not first weigh whether it is a strict command or a counsel or only a wish that she expresses. Let it suffice for us Tertiaries to know that the Church has spoken. That is loyalty. If we act otherwise, we are doing no more than every other Catholic is bound to do in conscience and under sin.

If I have appeared to preach to you, my friends, instead of chatting, I feel that this is due to the fact that I must converse through the dry medium of paper instead of having you before me face to face. However, be the foregoing a sermon or a chat, you and I and all of us are going to be more loyal to Holy Church in the future than we have been in the past.

## THE OFFICE OF MOTHER

By AGNES MODESTA

WE were sitting around my twinkling open fire the other day, talking about women who hold public office. One of my guests wondered whether there was any probability of a woman holding the highest office in the land, in the near future. One of the company, a quiet but attractive woman who has but recently moved into our neighborhood, looked up smiling and made answer to this speculation.

"She does hold it already."

"Why—" A polite but puzzled smile went around the circle.

"Please tell us about it?" I entered the breach. "What office?"

The newcomer laughed outright, a ringing infectious laugh that set us all a-smile even while we wondered.

"Why, matrimony, you know—it really means the office of mother; and where can you find a greater?"

"Oh!"

We sat back for a second with the sulky feeling of having been tripped over our own feet. Then rose such a buzz of comment and a swapping of yarns relating to the "office of mother" as was never before heard in my sedate living room. It was all very confusing; and even now I can't recall a single definite thing that any of them said. But I do believe that each one kept something to ponder in her heart—I know I did.

Yes, when we come to think of it, the office of mother at least comes close to being the biggest in the land, because forsooth, without it all other offices would be forever

vacant for want of anyone to hold them. There is so much to holding the office, so many duties that can not or should not be entrusted to deputies; and the effects of its incumbency spreads over the whole fabric of the ages. For who has not lived a better or a worse man or woman because of the influence or non-influence of a mother's love and care? And so it behooves us, as Catholic women, to give much thought to the dignity and potentialities of the "office of mother," since the great majority of us have been destined to fill it.

The wee girl-child, who showers her protective tenderness on a thing of sawdust and painted bisque, or on a thing of rubber or of rag, because it bears the semblance of a baby, is showing forth the first stirrings of mother love. This grows with her through childhood and little girlhood, and through the bud and into the flower of womanhood. Then, perhaps, in the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, she is led to see that her calling is to join forces with one of the other sex in the bonds of matrimony—which means for her, primarily, the work or office of mother.

I say only that she may do this. For there are other callings which the young woman may follow, some so sublime that the physical self enters not at all, and some which are useful and necessary and exacting enough to render matrimony unthinkable. But just now, we wish to focus our attention upon the young woman for whom marriage

### Little Office of The Passion

by  
THE SERAPHIC DOCTOR  
ST. BONAVENTURE

Franciscan Herald Press  
1134 W. 31st St., Chicago Ill.

### Off the Press March 27

It abounds in Scripture texts.

The verses and prayers breathe the sweetness of St. Bonaventure's spirit.

Typography and arrangement facilitate recital in common.

The distribution into "hours" make the office attractive for private use.

Will prove an aid to Tertiaries in reciting their twelve Our Fathers.

Suitable for the "TRE ORE" on Good Friday.

PRICE: Single copies by mail, 12 cents each  
In quantities, 10 cents each

has been indicated as a call from God.

To such a young woman, whom we shall suppose to be a Christian and a Catholic, marriage is the sacramental union of a man and a woman; and its purpose is first of all, the welfare of the children that may result from it. It is a holy and a dignified thing, sponsored by the Almighty—therefore good. So this young woman, in the course of time, if God so decrees, becomes the mother of children. And it is with the coming of the first of these that the greatest of life's tasks is opened out before her—that of training an immortal soul for the journey whose end is God.

Then it is that so many modern mothers, especially those outside the Church, ruin and mar. They do not study the work that has fallen to their lot. They care perhaps for the body and to some extent for the minds of their children; but the greater things, the things of the spirit, they leave practically unattended. Certainly, it is a fearful outlook for the men and women of to-morrow, that the children of to-day, either through carelessness or ignorance or sinister intent, are rearing as mere animals.

The Catholic mother is in a different position from the mother who is stumbling blindly outside the Fold. The Catholic mother has every help in her task; the wisdom of the Church, the hard-and-fast nature of her marriage tie, and those channels of grace, the Sacraments. She has every opportunity to become the ideal mother. But she must remember that with the opportunity comes the clean-cut and non-transferable responsibility. Hers is the easy way—hers is the hard way.

She knows that the education of her child must be not only physical and intellectual, but also moral and religious. For the child is first of all a child of God, and the mother is appointed to lead it through Time up to the threshold of Eternity. So she will begin the educating process at the cradle of the sleeping little one. She will guide it with loving firmness when to the casual onlooker it would seem that the small bundle of life could not possibly

know anything. For—let me digress long enough to urge upon the earnest attention of mothers that Baby knows a great deal more than they give him credit for. Though he is, in fact, a little animal with only potentialities for reason, he is none the less capable of receiving

self-moving machine, which needs constant and tireless surveillance. Then it is that the office of mother is beset by difficulties, and then it is that the grace of God must be hers for the proper fulfilling of her mission. From this time on she can either make or mar, build or destroy, swing for or against, the destinies of the little one that is hers to prepare for God.

Modern Catholic mothers, yours is the greatest task in the world. Shall it be said that any one has shirked or side-stepped her duty to God and man in this matter? You, who have brought your children into the world must make every effort to stay close to them in the years when they need you. You it is who must create that atmosphere of their home life which will be to them the most potent memory of youth when the days of their youth will have fled. You it is who must answer their difficulties, mental and moral, and who must encourage them to "tell mother about it" in all their childish problems. Your children have the right to expect from you the necessary guidance in the affairs of life. Do not say, "I do not know what I ought to tell my children, and what I ought to leave unsaid." For it is exactly here that the help, that is ours to command in the tribunal of Penance, will come in. Our confessor is a trained specialist in all the problems of human action.

The best type of the Catholic woman to-day will so bring up her children that they in turn will become the best type of Catholic men and women of to-morrow, men and women whose faces are ever turned upward to the light; who know their faith and therefore love it; and who regard things physical only as mediums through which they may reach the spiritual; and who will come at last to their final end which is God.

Indeed, it is a sublime thing, this "office of mother," and rich in reward on earth as well as in Heaven. For when you ask a man or a woman who has scaled the heights in the journey of life, what has been the greatest influence for good along the way, the answer will come, almost invariably, straight as a shot, "My mother."

## THE OLD VIOLIN

The bow sweeps over the silken strings;  
And soft and low the music brings,  
From out the dim and shadowy past,  
Visions and dreams too sweet to last.

The ladies fair in quilted dress,  
Conscious of their bright loveliness,  
Smile pleasantly and court-tesly low  
As through the minuet they go.

And phantom knights of by-gone days  
Step through the dance as the violin plays:  
With young love dwelling in gentle guise  
Within the depths of dark brown eyes.

Softly it throbs, the violin,  
So worn and old, so dark and dim.  
The listening soul is deeply thrilled  
And the empty heart with gladness filled.

How the visions hover in skies of blue  
As if to the music there they grew!

*Nancy Buckley*

impressions, from the first weeks of his earthly existence, that will leave indelible marks upon the little soul, marks which will act for good or evil as that soul assumes its functions.

To return. So the baby's days go on, and he is given the foundation of a strong and healthy physical life; for it is this branch of his being that receives chief attention during his first years. But suddenly, lo and behold, before the astonished parents can realize it, their little helpless bit of roseleaf softness has become a self-starting,